

# THE WASTED CRUST

WORDS BY

**EDITH LELEAN GROVES**

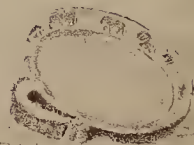
MUSIC BY

**BERTHA LOUISE TAMBLYN**

PRICE 50c.

The Anglo-Canadian Music Co  
TORONTO:

26524



# THE WASTED CRUST.

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BERTHA LOUISE TAMBLYN

*Moderato*

*mp* *Last* *poco rit.*

night I did-'nt eat up my crust, I poked it in un-der my plate, — I

*mp a tempo*

*poco rit. mysteriously* *a tempo*

thought that no one could find it there, But when it grew dark and late, And

*poco rit.* *a tempo*

I was in bed all cov-er'd up tight, All cov-er'd but just my head, — I

*Tea* *Tea* *Tea* *Tea* *Tea\**

saw that same old crust, I did, Come walk-ing up ov-er my bed — He'd

*rh. slowly*

*poco rit.*

two long legs and great big eyes, And he grinned! and he said — to me

*poco rit.*

*slowly and impressively*

*f*

"I'm — the crust, — you poked in un-der your plate, You could-'nt hide me you

*poco rit.*

*poco rit.*

*mf*

see — You must nev-er, nev-er, nev-er do —

*cresc.*

*ff*

*mf*

that a - gain! "Al - right, I wont" I — said, I'll eat you up to the

*mp*

*p*

ver - y last crumb, If you'll please get down off of my bed" So he

*rit.*

*3*

*rit.*

*sfz*

*3*

gaily

jumped off the bed, and he dis - ap - peared, I've searched for him earl-y and

*gaily*

*rall. e cresc.*

*a tempo*

*mp*

late, — But he comes no more, for I nev - er poke my crusts in under my plate.

*rall. e cresc.*

*mp*

*a tempo*